Being but heauie I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gẽtle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of Leade
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them aboue a common bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſore with his light feathers, and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I ſincke.
Horatio. And to ſink in it ſhould you burthen loue,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyſtrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes ſhall bluſh for me.
Benu. Come knock and enter, and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunſire phraſe,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am dum.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouſe, the Conſtables own word:
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or ſaue you reuerence loue, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne day light ho.
Ro. Nay thats not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir in delay
We waſte our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our iudgement ſits,

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Ro. And we meane well in going to this Maſk,
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aſke?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Ro. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Ro. In bed aſleep while they do dream things true.
Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath bin with you:
She is the Fairies midwife, and ſhe comes in ſhape no bigg
an Agot ſtone, on the foreſinger of an Alderman, drawn
a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noſes as they lie aſleep
wagg ō ſpokes made of lōg ſpinners legs: the cōuer, of the
of Grathoppers, her traces of the ſmalleſt ſpider web, her c
of the moonſhines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bo
laſh of Philome, her waggoner, a ſmall grey coated Gn
half ſo big as a round litle worme, prickt from the lazie fi
a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Haſel nut, Made by the
ſquirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchm
and in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night, throgh louers b
and then they dreame of loue: On Courtiers knees, that d
on Curſies ſtrait ore Lawyers fingers who ſtrait dreame o
ore Ladies lips who ſtrait one kiſſes dream, which oft the
Mab with blſters plagues, becauſe their breath with
meates tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops ore a Courtie
and then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute: and ſometime
ſhe with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Perſons noſe as a lies a
then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime ſhe driu
a ſouldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forain th
of breaches, ambuſcados, ſpaniſh blades: Of healths fiue f
deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he ſta
wakes, and being thus frighted, ſweares a prair or two, &
againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of hor
night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule ſluttiſh haires,
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.